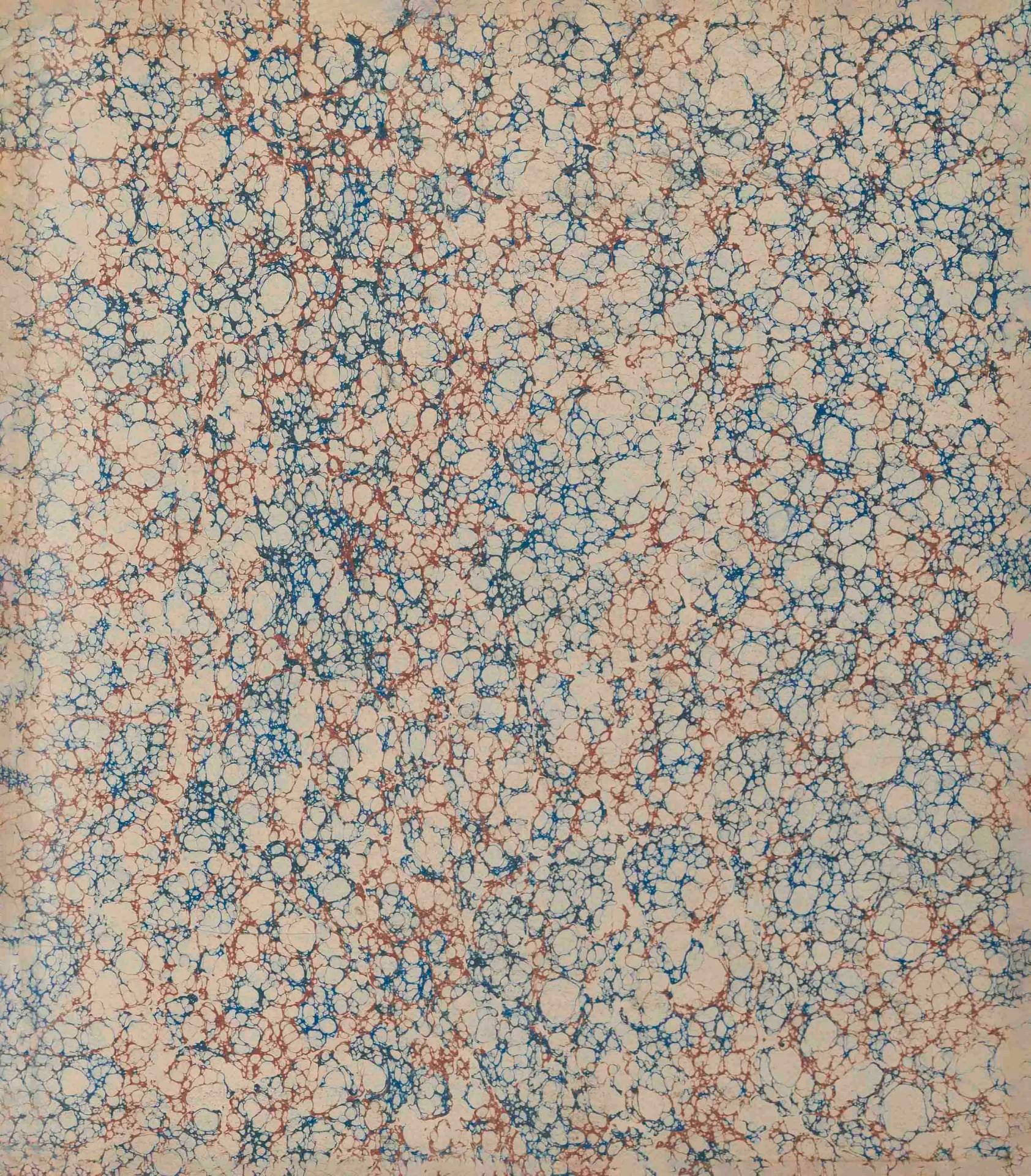




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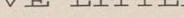
ILLUSTRATED BY

HENRY L. STEPHENS.

VOL. II.



OLD MOTHER HUBBARD.
THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.
THE FIVE LITTLE PIGS.



LITHOGRAPHED BY

JULIUS BIEN.

1866.

1479

OLD MOTHER HUBBARD.

OLD MOTHER



WILDEBARK

From Original Designs by
H.L. STEPHENS.

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1865, by H. Stern in the Clerk's Office
of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of New York.

One Hundred Proof Copies.

Printed for Subscribers

by Julius Bien, Lithographer,

for Dury & Houghton, Publishers,

401 Broadway New York



H.L. Stephens del.

Julius Bien lith.

Old Mother Hubbard But when she came there
Went to the cupboard, The cupboard was bare,
To give her poor dog a bone: And so the poor dog had none.



H.L. Stephens del.

Julius Bien, Jr.

She went to the baker's
To buy him some bread.

And when she came back
Poor doggy was dead.

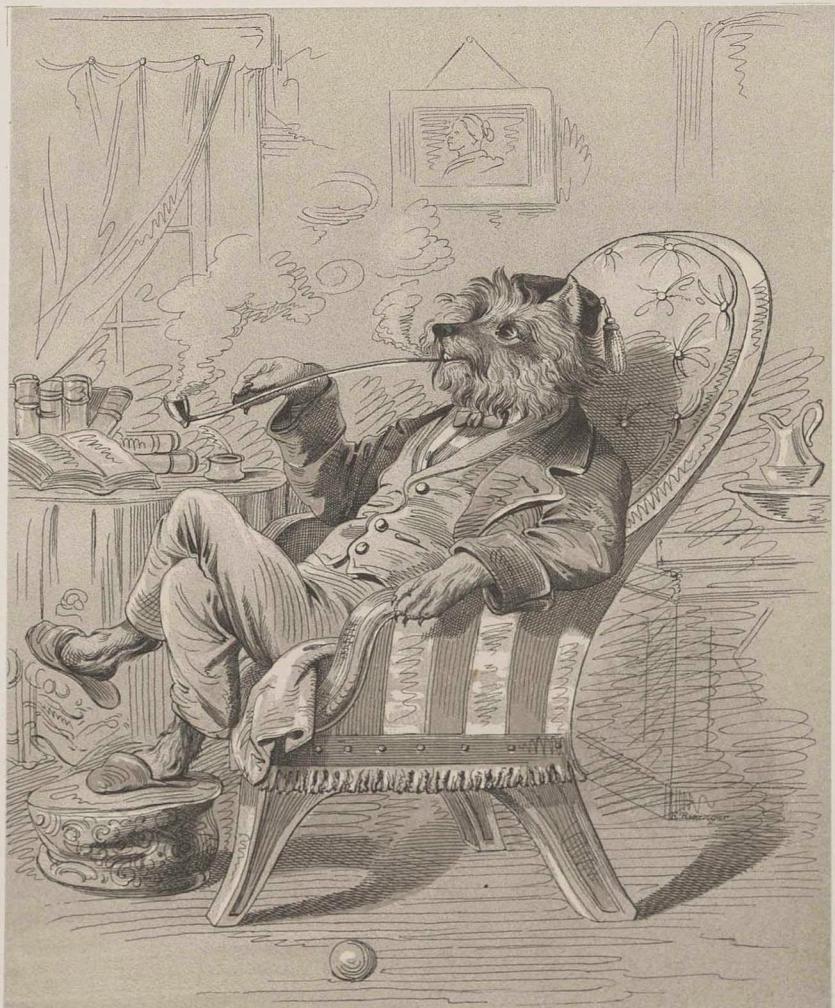


H.L. Stephens del.

Julius Bien lith.

She went to the joiner's
To buy him a coffin,

And when she came back
The dog was a-laughing.



H.L. Stephens del.

Julius Bien hth

She took a clean dish
To get him some tripe,

And when she came back
He was smoking his pipe.



H.L. Stephens, del.

Julius Bien, lith.

She went to the ale-house
To get him some beer.

And when she came back
Doggy sat in a chair.



H.L. Stephens del.

Julius Bien lith.

She went to the tavern
For white wine and red,

And when she came back
The dog stood on his head.



H.L. Stephens del.

Julius Bien lith.

She went to the hatter's
To buy him a hat,

And when she came back
He was feeding the cat.



H.L. Stephens del.

Julius Bier. lith.

She went to the barber's
To buy him a wig,

And when she came back
He was dancing a jig.



H.L. Stephens del.

Julius Bien lith.

She went to the fruiterer's
To buy him some fruit,

And when she came back
He was playing the flute.



H.L. Stephens del.

Julius Bien lith.

She went to the tailor's
To buy him a coat,

And when she came back
He was riding a goat.



H.L. Stephens del.

Julius Bien lith.

She went to the cobbler's
To buy him some shoes,

And when she came back
He was reading the news.



H.L. Stephens, del.

Julius Bien, lith.

She went to the sempstress
To buy him some linen,

And when she came back
The dog was a-spinning.



H.L. Stephens del.

• Julius Bien lith.

She went to the hosier's
To buy him some hose,

And when she came back
He was dress'd in new clothes.



H. L. Stephens del.

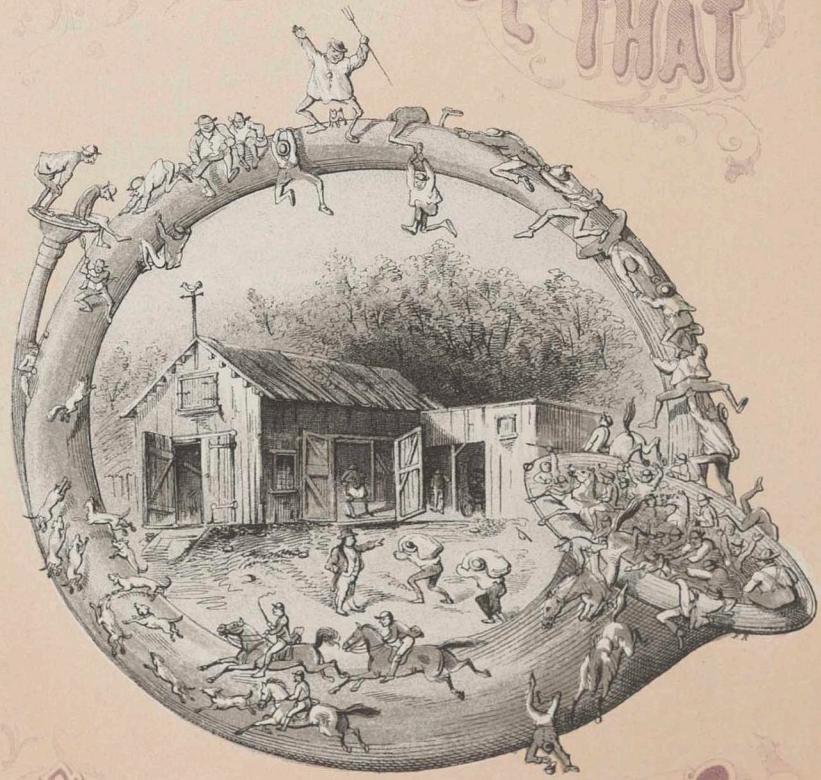
Julius Bien lth.

The dame made a curtsey,
The dog made a bow;

The dame said, "Your servant."
The dog said, "Bow, wow."

THE HOUSE THAT JACK BUILT.

THE HOUSE THAT



Jack Built

From Original Designs by
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H. L. Stephens. del.

Julius Bien. lith.

This is the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.



H.L. Stephens del.

Julius Bien del.

This is the rat,
That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.



H.L. Stephens del.

Julius Bien lith.

This is the cat.
That kill'd the rat,

That ate the malt,
That lay in the house that Jack built.



H.L. Stephens del.

Julius Bien lith.

This is the dog,
That worried the cat.

That kill'd the rat,
That ate the malt, &c.



H.L. Stephens del.

Julius Blenkin

This is the cow with the crumpled horn,
That tuss'd the dog,

That worried the cat,
That kill'd the rat, &c.



H.L. Stephens del.

Julius Bien lith.

This is the maiden all forlorn,
That milk'd the cow with the crumpled horn,

That toss'd the dog,
That worried the cat, &c.



H.L. Stephens del.

Julius Bien lith.

This is the man all tatter'd and torn,
That kiss'd the maiden all forlorn,

That milk'd the cow with the crumpled horn,
That toss'd the dog, &c.



H.L. Stephens del.

Julius Bien lith.

This is the priest all shaven and shorn,
That married the man all tatter'd and torn.

That kiss'd the maiden all forlorn,
That milk'd the cow with the crumpled horn, &c.



H.L. Stephens del

Julius Burchfield

This is the cock that crow'd in the morn,
That waked the priest all shaven and shorn,

That married the man all tatter'd and torn,
That kiss'd the maiden all forlorn, &c.



H.L. Stephens del.

Julius Bien lith.

This is the farmer who sow'd the corn,
That kept the cock that crow'd in the morn,

That waked the priest all shaven and shorn,
That married the man all tatter'd and torn, &c.



H.L. Stephens del.

Julius Bien lith.

This is the fox with tail so long,
That robb'd the farmer who sow'd the corn,

That kept the cock that crow'd in the morn,
That waked the priest all shaven and shorn, &c.



H. L. Stephens, Jr.

Julius Beerlin

This is the hunter at early dawn,
That caught the fox with tail so long,

That rob'd the farmer who sow'd the corn,
That kept the cock that crow'd in the morn, &c.



H.L. Stephens del.

Julius Bien lith.

This is the horse of graceful form,
That bore the hunter at early dawn,

That caught the fox with tail so long,
That robb'd the farmer who sow'd the corn, &c.



H.I. Stephens del.

Julius Bierl lith.

This is the hound and this the horn,
That follow'd the horse of graceful form,

That bore the hunter at early dawn.
That caught the fox with tail so long, &c.

THE FIVE LITTLE PIGS.

The Fibre



LITTLE PICS

From Original Designs by
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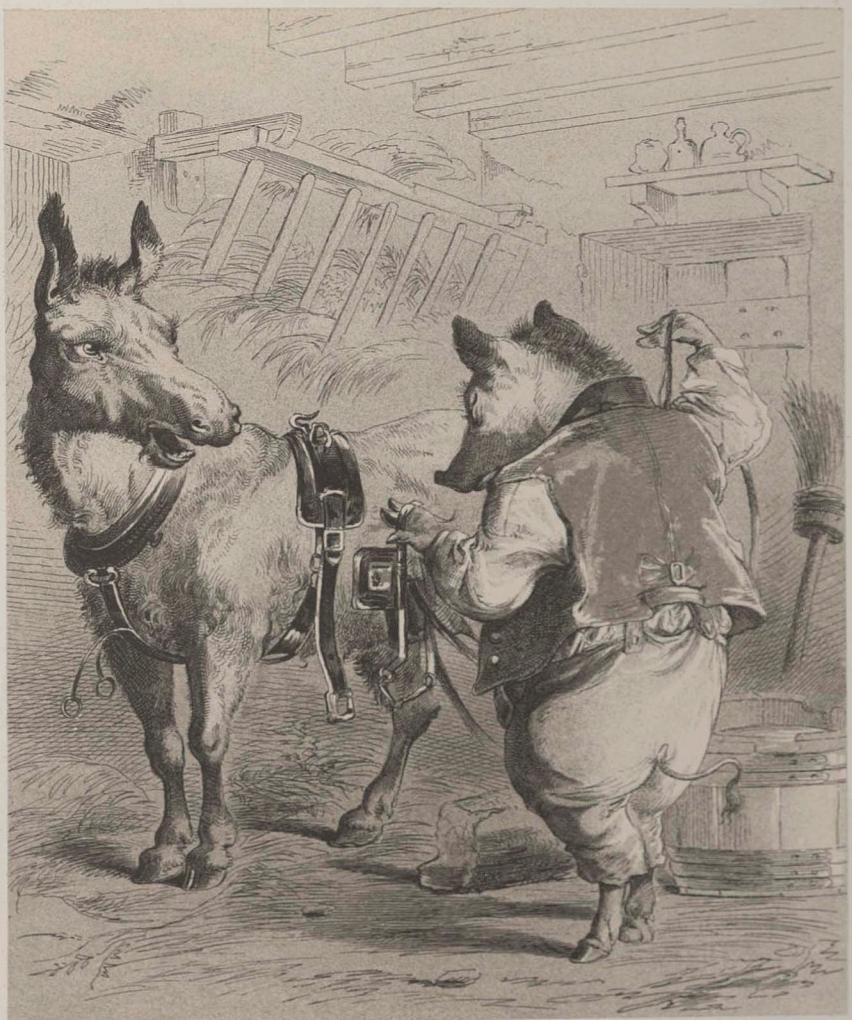
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401 Broadway New York.



H. L. Stephens del.

Julius Bien lith.

This Pig the eldest was of five,
Who with their mother dwelt,

And he a Donkey used to drive,
That had a shaggy pelt.



H.L. Stephens del.

Julius Ehrenb. ait.

As to the town he wended slow,
All on a market-day.

The Donkey would no further go,
But sat him down to bray.



H.L. Stephens del.

Julius Blanschard

So Piggy took the harness off
That aggravating elf,

Dismissed him with a withering scoff.
And drew the cart himself.

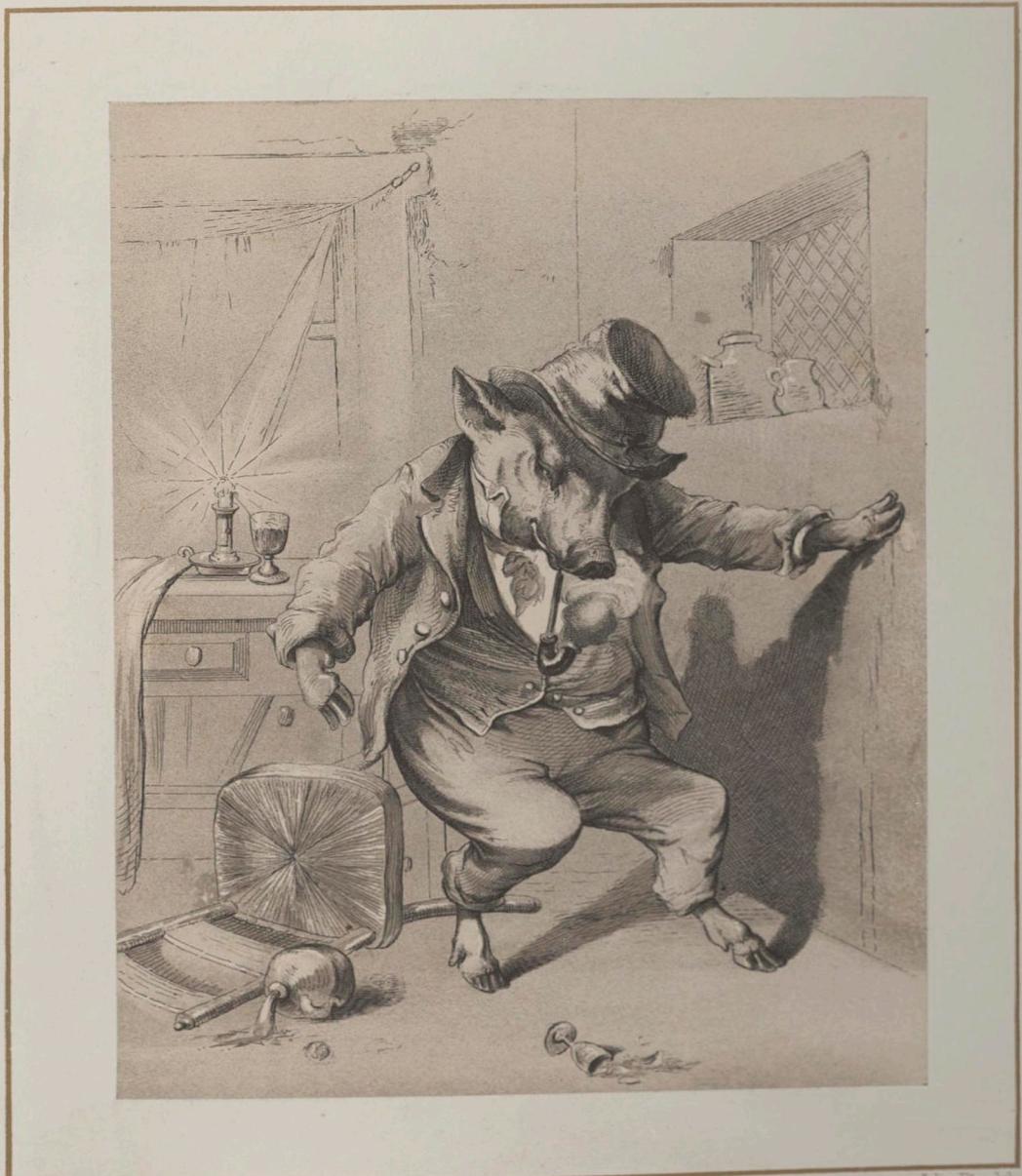


H.L. Stephens del.

Julius Beer. bth.

The second Pig a varlet fat,
Remained at home and took

Delight in dressing up the Cat
To imitate the Cook.



H.L. Stephens del.

Julius Bien. lith.

And sometimes, when his mother went
Abroad to see her kin,

The varlet would indulge his bent,
By drinking up her gin.



H.L. Stephens del.

Julius Bien lith.

In consequence he lay half-dead,
One evening in October,

When she cold water on his head
Poured until he was sober.



H.L. Stephens del.

The third Pig always had roast beef
On Sunday for his dinner.

Julius Bien lth.

He never caused his mother grief
Like the last mentioned sinner.



H.L. Stephens del.

Julius Bieri lith.

Brave as a Lion, too, was he.
One day he soundly thrashed

A Bully-Pig who, brutally,
A small Pig's hat had smashed.

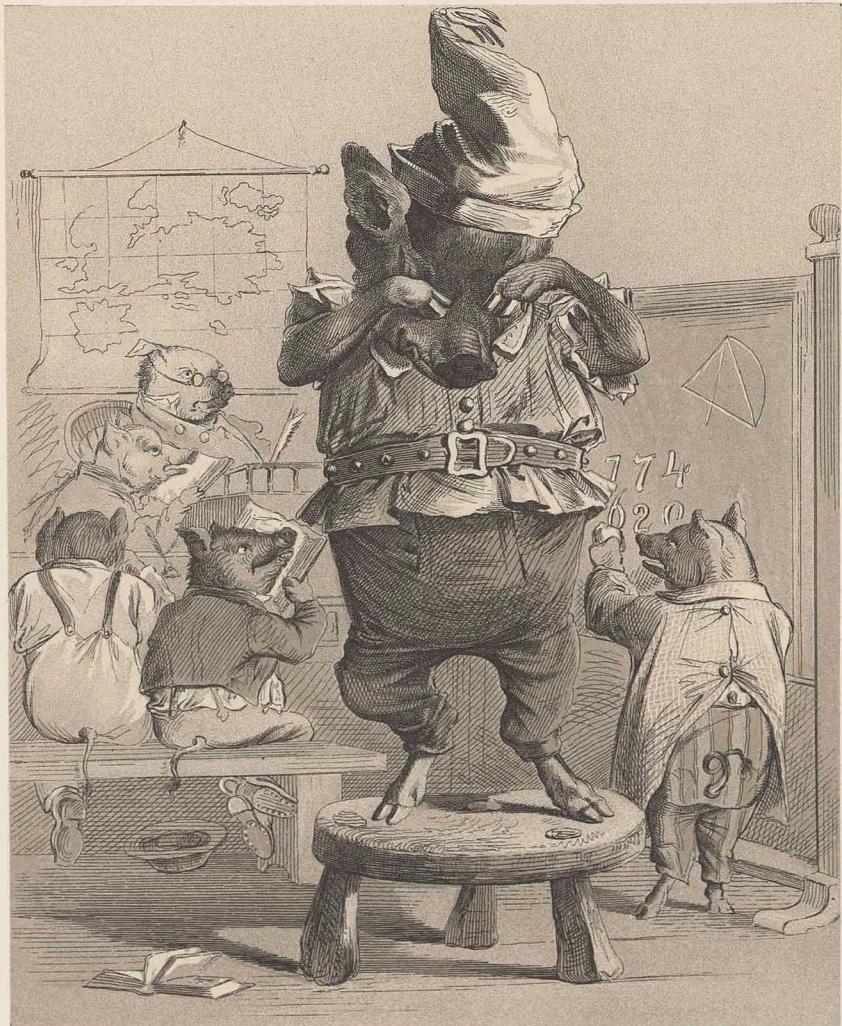


H.L. Stephens. del.

Julius Bienlith

And then the little Pig he led
Away from that Pig vile,

And purchased for his ill-used head,
A hat of recent style.



H.L. Stephens del.

Julius Bien lith.

The fourth Pig, through his whole career,
No roast beef ever had,

In books he would not persevere,
Which made his mother sad.



H.L. Stephens del.

Julius Bien lth

All day about the streets went he,
And scattered orange-peel,

Upsetting old Pigs, frequently,
Who on it set a heel.

